

Obsession by Imperfection (Imperfection_00)

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Summary:

In which Billy gradually formed obsessive feelings for Steve and became his stalker. But he began wanting more..

Obsession

Author's Note:

Hiii! I know you don't care but be warned of what's about to come. If you read the tags you already know but if you're sensitive to these kind of things, Stop. Turn around. And walk away.

(Rated E because idk if it should be M or E.)

[illegible]

It was subtle at first, Billy thought that he hated Steve, as he should have. But as the time passes, he began wanting more.

It should've stayed that way so why? Why is his desk full of Steve's photos and belongings? He even had Steve's used underwear he secretly took from the shower room when nobody was around.

At first he tried to deny these feelings. But his uncontrollable desire keeps growing and growing until it has grown into a massive tree that obstructs all reason.

He wouldn't say that Steve and himself had a good relationship. Actually it's the contrary. Normally, Steve would just ignore him, treat him like air. Billy didn't want that. He wanted Steve to look at him, to notice him. He wanted to leave a mark on that silky white skin that would remind him of Billy for all eternity.

But.. as they are now, the only way Billy could gain Steve's attention is by taunting him. And the only way he could gain a much needed physical contact is by getting into a fight with Steve.

Though he'd rather not do the latter because he didn't want to hurt the boy as much as possible. But he'll do **anything** in order to make Steve his.

And only his.

Despite all that, he's trying his best to avoid Steve for the time being.

He noticed that recently, A single accidental touch will send shivers all throughout Billy's body. Strong enough to have his knees collapse completely and leave his body trembling with need. It's fortunate that it happened in the bathroom when Billy's shoulder brushed onto Steve on his way out.

It also happened at a party hosted by one of his peers not long after the first incident. Everybody just brushed it off as Billy being drunk. Despite the fact that day he didn't even touch a drop of alcohol. But nobody needs to know that. Steve took him by surprise when Billy was facing back, being distracted by a woman when he's supposed to be watching Steve.

Steve tried to squeeze his way from one side of the room to another. Accidentally brushing against Billy amongst the crowded place. Billy didn't need to see who touched him, because he could feel it. The reaction didn't even hesitate for a second.

And It has become tougher and tougher to restrain himself when he's in the same room with him.

At this point, he'd jump him even in the middle of a crowd. He may be DESPERATE but he's not stupid enough to give these trash students a show. Lest he wants his father to move again and be separated from his beloved for good.

But then again.. it's not like that'll stop him.

Steve's belongings had been enough to sate Billy's needs, most often he would gnaw on Steve's chewed gum or Steve's used toothbrush. He would occasionally jerk off while wearing Steve's underwear, being extra careful not to stain them. But it's no longer enough. He wanted *more*

Billy curled up in his bed. His face buried in Steve's underwear, taking in the old musky scent of the fabric as much as he can as substitute for the person that is supposed to be there.

"Steve.. Steve.." pained whispers came out of his mouth. Almost as if he's about to cry. He continued calling out his name hoping that somehow it'll reach the boy.

"Wait for me."

Steve was walking to practice, visibly upset. Weird things kept happening to him. His stuff constantly go missing and he's got Billy Hargrove constantly all around his business.

Just this morning he was doused with sticky white liquid when he opened his locker so he had to change. Then after that, another one of his underwear went missing when he changed his clothes. He's currently walking around school in commando. He almost doesn't wanna play basketball today.

Then there's Hargrove. He keeps picking fights with me for no reason! And it's gotten even worse over time!

While he was contemplating whether to skip practice or not, he was stopped in his tracks by his ex girlfriend, Nancy. And of course, Jonathan is by her side. As usual.

"Steve? Do you have a moment?"

"Yeah uh, what is it?"

"I need to talk to you about something." Nancy looks around. "..Not here. Follow me."

The three of them walked into an empty science lab nearby. Without missing a beat, Jonathan closed all the windows and locked the door with an audible ***click***.

"Um, okay? Is this about the upside down? Because I don't think we need to be this cautious--"

"No, no this is not about that. Steve, did you notice something.. weird about Billy lately?"

That question confused Steve for a little bit. "I mean.. yeah, he's being even bigger of an asshole to me lately. But isn't that normal for him?"

"It's not normal. Even I noticed something was wrong. Though we

don't know what it is for sure." Jonathan spoke.

"You may not notice it Steve, but we see him staring at you with this.. predatory gaze all the time. We're worried.. especially with what happened last year at Jonathan's house."

"You guys worry too much, I'll be fine!"

"He almost killed you last time! If Max hadn't stepped in, I don't know what would've happened.. what if it happens again?"

Steve finally took notice of Nancy's genuine worry. He was moved, so to speak. Even Jonathan, who he didn't get along with at first, was worried. And he does see their point.

"I'm sorry, I promise I'll be careful okay? So don't worry about me." He mustered his sweetest smile in hopes of reassuring the two, then walked to the door. "Well then, I'll see you. I'm late for practice!"

"Just.. stay away from him for now, okay?"

"I will, I will." Steve waved a hand as he walked out.

Honestly, they're worrying too much. But.. Steve is glad to have such friends nonetheless. Unlike the friends he had before.. he doesn't even wanna think about it.

He finally arrived at the gym 10 minutes late. He let out a heavy sigh as he pushed the large gym door open. But something seemed strange..

The usual snarky remark he receives everyday is not there. He looked around and he wasn't there. Hargrove was nowhere to be found.

All of a sudden, his expected-to-be-ruined-day had turned around. His frown changed into a smile. He can enjoy playing the game without any distractions. After such a long time!

He jogged to his teammates who at this point is already getting ready to play.

"Hey Harrington! Suppose you know where Hargrove is?" Asked the

coach.

Don't know, don't care. "Nope"

"I saw him attend classes earlier!" Said one of his team. "You think he's late?"

"Hah! I'm already very late as it is!" Replied Steve hoping that Hargrove isn't actually coming.

Their heads turned after the coach had peeped the whistle. "That's enough boys! Game's startin'!"

All of them jogged to their positions. Steve smirked at the sight of the opposite team missing their star player. Without him they're just a bunch of nobodies.

And because of that, Steve's team is winning by a landslide. Steve chose this opportunity to lay low into the sidelines and relax when he got tired.

"Watch out!"

All of a sudden, the ball went flying straight for Steve's head. The impact gave him a small cut on his forehead enough to draw blood.

The whistle once again rang, and he was ordered to go to the infirmary, much to Steve's dismay.

Walking down the empty hallway with blood flowing from his head. You would think that one of his mates would be nice enough to at least accompany him but noooo.

Steve sulked all the way until he reached the infirmary. He knocked on the door but no one answered, so he let himself in. He pulled the door open and was met with.. nobody. Even the nurse wasn't there.

Guess I'll just have to borrow the bed until they arrive.

He turned to walk towards the bed but he saw that someone's bag was already there. *Did they go to the bathroom?* he wondered.

He went over and looked whose it was. He opened the bag and took out a notebook. Upon taking it out, several pictures fell off. He looked at the pictures and he saw..

Pictures of himself.

What..? Why would someone keep pictures of me in their bag?

He looked at the name tag of the notebook.

[Billy Hargrove]

His eyes widened.

The conversation he had with Nancy and Jonathan earlier suddenly resurfaced.

He was cut off of his thoughts when he heard footsteps coming closer. And it's coming fast.

With haste, he shoved the notebook and pictures back into the bag in panic. He slid under the bed in fear of being seen.

The door slowly opened. And the person entered. The pair of feet that Steve could see seem to be that of a male's. So he's pretty sure it's not the nurse.

The person came up to the bed. He stopped for a while, standing still doing nothing. Then went back to the door slowly, as if being cautious.

Steve internally sighed at this, *He's finally leaving*. Relieved, Steve relaxed a little bit under the bed and let his head fall to the floor.

He doesn't want to meet whoever it is. He's in no mood to talk right now. Because right now he's feeling confused, terrified, and he's starting to feel dizzy from being hit by that accursed ball earlier.

Click

What was that sound? ..The door?!

His head whipped back to the direction of the sound, he saw that the person didn't actually leave the room! At this very moment, the person was coming back towards the bed. Steve was now sweating cold bullets. His hands are shaking. He may not know why he's so terrified, but he can feel it. He can feel how much danger he's in and he needs to get away. **Now.**

He couldn't peel his gaze away from the pair of feet. He needs to find the perfect timing to slip away. One wrong move and he's done for. All of a sudden, the person crouched.

Steve's whole body froze. And his breathing stopped.

Without hesitation, a face suddenly popped out peeking under the bed, where Steve was hiding.

It was Hargrove. His fear multiplied by ten fold and came crushing down on him like Niagara.

Steve tried to quickly crawl out from under the bed. When all of a sudden, he felt a strong, big hand grip his ankle and forcefully jerked him out the opposite way.

Steve let out a surprised yelp.

"Hey! What the hell are you doing?!!"

He was pushed down to the floor as he struggled to get up. Billy pinned Steve down by the wrists to keep him from moving. "Let g--mmph!!"

Billy attacked his lips like a famished beast deprived of it's meat. Only stopping to take a breath of air for a millisecond.

Steve couldn't keep up with Billy's attacks. He tries to turn his head sideward to break it off and take a breath. Billy let go of Steve's right hand while his lips stay latched on to Steve's skin. As a warning, he bit **hard** on the neck that was presented to him. Enough to leave a teeth mark that drew blood.

Steve let out a loud bellow from the agonizing pain he felt from being bitten.

Billy grabbed Steve's face to return his gaze forward and keep his head from turning. Nonetheless, Steve's right hand was freed. And with that hand, he tried to push Billy off but he doesn't even budge. His mind hadn't processed what was happening yet. The only thing on his head right now is fear and panic.

He was starting to reach his limit. "Sto-" he muttered in between the kisses. "I ca--" "Breath..!"

Billy paid no attention to Steve's pleas and seized that opportunity to insert his tongue into his mouth. Intermingling their tongues together as if they're fighting.

His right hand moved away from Steve's face as it began exploring the wet, sweaty skin underneath the white fabric Steve was wearing.

Steve's breath hitched when the rough calloused hand brushed against his nipple. He immediately took away his hand from uselessly trying to push the guy away and grabbed the other hand that was freely touching him to try and stop it. And again, it won't even budge.

The fear he was feeling seeped away almost all of his strength. Just like a little frog under the gaze of a mighty cobra. His whole body was trembling. He couldn't move. Tears threatened to fall down his eyes as he kept his futile struggles against Billy.

Finally, Billy let go of Steve's abused, red lips. Steve took an audible deep breath as if his life depended on it. Which, it kinda did.

While he was busy catching his breath, the hand that was roaming his body grabbed the bottom of his shirt and jerked it upward to reveal Steve's bare chest.

Steve was taken by surprise that made his face turn red. He was embarrassed. Having no shirt on was normal for men, so why does he feel so embarrassed?

Billy started licking and nipping at the place where he got a strong reaction from, and he definitely got a stronger reaction from Steve. Which Billy

discovered that he quite enjoys. So all that teasing and taunting did mean something.

Steve couldn't contain a moan when Billy's mouth made contact with his nipple. His face turned a darker shade of red from embarrassment due to the sound he hadn't even thought he could make.

His hand immediately grabbed Billy's hair, pulling it up so his mouth wouldn't be able to make contact with Steve's skin.

"S-stop that!! Hargrove!"

Annoyed, Billy jerked the hand off of his hair and pinned it back to the floor. He pushed himself from the ground to stare Steve at the eyes.

"Billy."

"What?"

"Call me Billy."

"Don't joke with me! *Hargrove*." Steve spat out the name with a sneer.

Displeased with the response, Billy took it as a challenge to make his princess moan out his name.

"So you wanna play this game with me, *Harrington*? Fine by me." Billy responded with the usual wolfish grin he always wore.

With fluid motion, he spun Steve around, taking Steve's arms and successfully tying them together with his belt despite all the flailing.

He pulled Steve's shorts downward, his right hand feeling around for Steve's hole.

"What the hell are you doing in that place?!! Stop it!"

Upon easily finding it, Billy carefully inserted his middle finger in. Taking it in and out slowly, as if massaging the inside.

Steve let out a panicked shrill. "Hey that hurts! Take it out!!"

But Billy continued. After a few seconds, Billy inserted another finger, stretching the hole in preparation for penetration.

Steve's mind is now all jumbled up, as if given up, his defiance is beginning to slowly fade. He's feeling whatever Billy is doing to him. He can't help it. It's a purely physical response.

His erection has been neglected for a while now. Wanting to relieve himself, he fidgets uncomfortably and lets out small needy whines.

Taking notice of this, Billy took his left hand to reach for Steve's length and jerk him off as his right hand continues prepping the back side.

When Billy's hand made contact with Steve's skin, his whole body tensed up as if being struck by a surge of electricity. He let out a muffled moan, and came instantaneously.

Billy took his left hand, now covered in Steve's semen, to replace his right hand. Using the fluid as lubricant.

"You know Steve.. I didn't think you'd come to me yourself. I was even trying to avoid you for your own good. I've been waiting for this for so long. You have no idea."

"Wha..t?" came out of Steve's mouth as a moan.

Steve froze when he felt something hot touch his behind. He suddenly came to his senses when he realized what's about to happen.

"W-w-wait y-youre not gonna..!" Steve's voice kept trembling as he tried to speak.

In one fell swoop, Billy entered without warning.

"AGH!!! It hurts! Take it out!!"

Billy kept pounding at Steve like a wild animal without letting him get used to his length which is far bigger than he prepared Steve for.

Steve was in pain, he couldn't do anything, there was nobody to help him. He felt so helpless.

Tears which Steve was trying to hold back came gushing out. He pressed his face on the ground and sobbed silently.

Of course, this wouldn't go unnoticed. Seeing Steve cry tinged Billy's heart. He turned Steve so he would be facing him. His crying face just riles Billy up more but he tried being a little bit more gentler this time.

Billy kissed Steve softly on the lips and smiled at him. Not his usual condescending smile, a real, genuine smile.

Steve was taken aback. *So he could make that kind of face..*

"Billy.."

Steve looked deep into Billy's blue eyes. Then suddenly, Billy felt a sharp pain at the back of his head. And everything went black.

Steve had freed himself when Billy turned him around. It was pure luck, but he's very grateful for it. He grabbed the decorative pot beside the bed when Billy was distracted and smashed it on his head like his life depended on it. Which, it did.

He hurriedly fixed his clothes, unlocked the door, and ran as quickly as he can despite the sharp pain he's feeling on his lower body. Fearing that Billy will wake up.

Around this time, nobody is at the school anymore and only Steve's and Billy's cars are left on the parking lot.

Steve fumbled with his keys as he tries to unlock his car while glancing back nervously at the school entrance every now and then.

As he got in and drove away, he looked back once more and there were no signs of Billy.

He's safe.

For now.

Author's Note:

Kudoss and comments are hugely appreciated <3